

The Evening World.

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DESOLATION IN CENTRAL PARK.

HAS the city too much on its mind to give some urgently needed attention and thought to Central Park?

An Evening World reader deplors what many New Yorkers have noted—the wholesale sacrifice of Central Park trees:

"Trees have been dying off and are now being cut down until sections of the park suggest nothing but a logging camp. Pedestrian paths are in dire need of repair. Bridges and boat houses are liable to cave in at any moment. They are unpainted and dilapidated. I have lived near Central Park many years but never has it appeared so desperately neglected as now. The extent of its desolation can only be realized by one who has taken a walk through it."

"The fierce winds and severe weather of last winter," according to newly-appointed Park Commissioner Francis D. Gallatin, "did much toward destroying the 4,000 dead trees which are now being cut down."

What part of the loss and the consequent gaps it will take long to fill must be charged to neglect and lack of foresight?

The Park Department is understood to have placed orders for 5,000 more trees.

Under whose direction are they to be set out?

The best forestry experts in the country should be consulted to insure the programme best calculated to preserve, protect and multiply the trees in New York's chief pleasure ground.

Spring is coming. Instead of general dilapidation, Central Park ought to be showing everywhere energetic preparation for repair and renewal.

Supplying the poor with firewood from the parks may strike Mayor Hylan as a happily presented chance to help prove himself "the people's own Mayor."

But a denuded Central Park, with unkempt paths, sagging bridges and rickety benches will add little to the popularity of a Hylan administration.

"As a representative of the British Government," declares Arthur J. Balfour, British Secretary for Foreign Affairs, "I am in a position to say that what is going on in America at this moment is more important for the success of a general peace than what is being done in Paris to-day."

From which Senators Lodge, Reed, Borah, Knox, et al. should be able to extract a meaning to delight their destructive souls.

A SERIOUS MISTAKE.

IT WILL BE a serious mistake if Congress fails to add to the Sundry Civil Appropriation bill a provision for the continuance of the United States Employment Service.

Here in the State of New York is plenty of evidence to show the continued need of the admirable work this central Government agency has been doing to put returning soldiers and sailors in prompt touch with employers who have jobs for them and to minimize unemployment generally.

Five thousand unemployed were reported in the Syracuse district last week. In Troy and Cohoes the number out of work rose from 5,000 for the week ending Jan. 28 to 6,000 for the week ending Feb. 25. The latter date found 35,000 unemployed in the Buffalo district. Dr. George W. Kirchwey, Director of the United States Employment Service in this State, reported last Wednesday:

"Along with the growing unemployment, reports from all over the State indicate increasing unrest. If this condition is allowed to continue without any organized means of combating it, such as the Employment Service affords, I should not be surprised if we were to witness some fine examples of Soviet demonstrations."

Nothing could seem more obvious than the desirability that the Government should go on giving the utmost possible aid in finding jobs for men and men for jobs during this period of industrial readjustment. The need for such aid is not over. On the contrary, it is increasing every week.

Why the House Committee on Appropriations should have deliberately cut out of the Sundry Civil bill the appropriation for continuing the Employment Service is one of the mysteries of Congressional cerebration.

The provision should go back and the Employment Service go on.

Of all the outrages against the Constitution of a League of Nations the silliest is the shrilling of the Sun that the proposed covenant "will not prevent war."

Of course it won't prevent war. What any rational mind asks is, will it substantially reduce the probability of war?

Why doesn't the Sun clamor for a criminal code that will prevent murder, arson and burglary, or for an educational system that will prevent any man from ever talking or acting like a fool?

Letters From the People

Nurses Overcharge Flu Victims.

To the Editor of The Evening World.

There appeared in a recent issue of The Evening World an article relative to the fact that during the recent epidemic nurses had been guilty of overcharging "flu" victims.

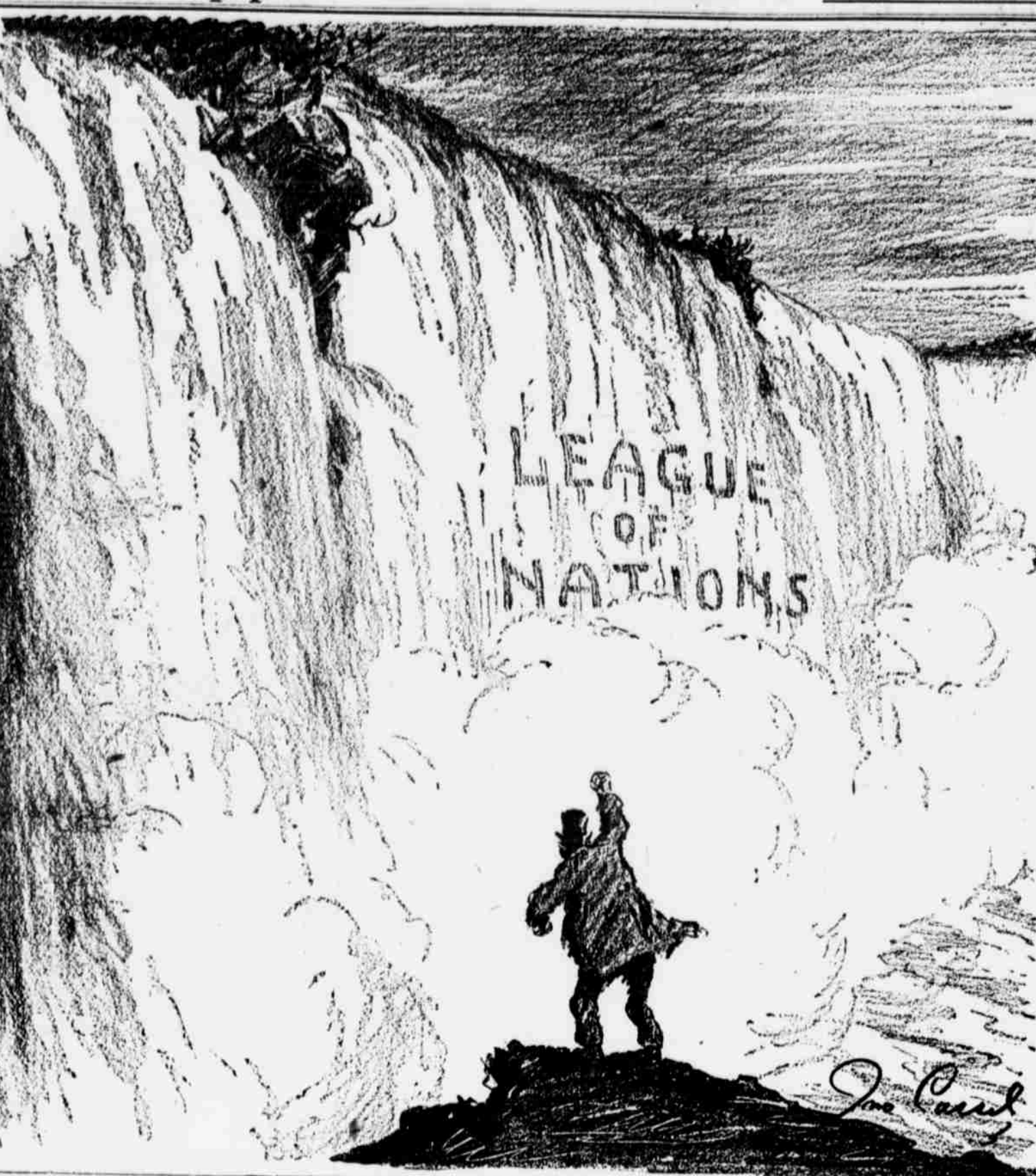
I wonder whether the persons who are complaining have stopped to consider the risk taken by every nurse who went on a flu case. A great number contracted the disease and not a few died. Nurses were very scarce at the time, the result being that those who were available for these cases were working day and night, often only getting two or three hours' sleep for days at a time, thus greatly undermining their own health and lessening their vitality, causing them to be extremely susceptible to the disease.

I myself, contracted it while on a case, and because of the fact that I

was overworked, had no strength to resist the attack of double pneumonia which followed. I had to pay \$10 each to day and night nurses, and was glad to pay it, for I felt that the splendid women who helped gave my life were deserving of every cent they asked. Is there any other profession where women are asked to work 12 to 24 hours a day? Is there any other profession that demands such untiring devotion as ours, or such patience and self-sacrifice? I think not.

Then do people stop to consider that we have given from two to three years of our lives to train for this work; a work which calls for ability and qualifications that few professions call for. Any criticism of our charges or our work during the epidemic is unfair and unjust, and I sincerely trust our side of the matter will be given a little publicity. Thanking you for any courtesy you may extend.

The Opposition



The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell

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Mrs. Jarr Doubts the Primal Urge in Many Ways

"NOW, Willie, you mind me at once, and put those marbles away!" cried Mrs. Jarr.

"Then—and how she did it with only two hands Mr. Jarr could never have told you—the fond mother swooped down on Master Jarr, raised him to his feet, gathered up all his marbles, buttoned his coat, smoothed his hair, slapped him a few times where it would do the most good, shook him about a bit and ordered him to get his overcoat and hurry off to school, all at the same time."

"But, listen, maw! I want my marbles! I was just counting them in the hall. I wasn't playing with them; honest, I wasn't!"

"I won't have them under my feet to trip and fall over!" replied Mrs. Jarr.

"A dozen times you have promised me you would not play with your marbles in the house. And yet you have the piano base and the chair legs all marked up where you've been shooting marbles in the living room."

"Besides all that, you've got the drain from the ice box stopped from several that ran under the refrigerator and got in the drain. You've broken a window throwing a marble at the cat, and I'll have to send for Mr. Slavinsky, and that will cost me—what did I say the last time? Yes, 99 cents—it will cost me over a dollar because every time Mr. Slavinsky comes to put in the glass he tells me prices have gone up since the war is over, so just for that, I'll keep the marbles!"

"Oh, don't sequester the boy's playthings just because the coat of everything won't come down!" said Mr. Jarr. "Boys can't help playing marbles."

"That's right! Take his part and set him against me every time I endeavor to correct him!" cried Mrs. Jarr.

"I'll be good, I won't take the marbles out of my pocket, honest I won't, maw!" said the boy. "Gimme my marbles back, please, maw, I wanna go to school."

"Do you mean to tell me you want to play marbles on the cold ground in this bitter weather?" cried Mrs. Jarr. "The idea! This is the wrong time of the year to play marbles. I'll put them away for you until June or July, when the ground is warm!"

"But marble time is now, maw; we won't play marbles in summer." "And why won't you play marbles

only play marbles in raw spring weather?"

"They must," replied Mr. Jarr. "No one knows why. No whisper is heard of it. But in late February and early March marbles appear and boys play with them—rain, hail, snow, thaw or warm spells matter not. It is the Law!"

"What law?" asked Mrs. Jarr.

"The primordial law," said Mr. Jarr.

"Oh, bother you and your nonsense!" replied Mrs. Jarr. "Here, Willie, take your marbles! Your father will be saying next that spring bonnets are the primal urge in women!"

Ellabelle Mae Doolittle

Noted Poetess Uses Her Muse in Ordering Household Necessities and Startles Delhi.

By Bide Dudley.

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ELLABELLE MAE DOOLITTLE, the noted poetess of Delhi, is original from the top of her head to her insteps. The other day she conceived a unique scheme. She went out to do the day's shopping for her mother and did most of it through the medium of rhymes which she had prepared before leaving the house. Could anything be more extraordinary? It could not.

Henry Pogg, the grocer, was just putting some big apples in the top of a barrel when he suddenly heard a sweet voice say:

Good morning, Mister Henry Pogg! I want five pounds of sugar, A pound of nice Virginia beef, Delivered by young Miss Doolittle, I'd also like some tea, my dear, And use small convenient, Your groceries bring us slowly cheer, Tut tut, Master Pogg: tut tut!

My sister's child, Twenny Bickens, Put a nose in Bickens's shoe, I'd also like some tea, my dear, Goodness me, how he did kick it! Twenny, to your father be true, Now please add to our order, A dozen rice biscuits, Goodby, my good friend, Mister Pogg, How is your sister, Anna?

The grocer was astounded. Here was a young woman with a big reputation not only reciting her own poetry to him, but in a profitable manner as well. He felt he must answer appropriately. With one hand on his head, he soon thought out a reply. It follows:

How to Be a Better Salesman And Earn Bigger Pay

By Roy Griffith

The Evening World's Authority on Successful Salesmanship.
Copyright, 1919, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World.)
Mr. Griffith's salesmanship column is published daily. Instructive articles like to-day's alternate with answers to questions which salesmen readers of The Evening World are invited to ask Mr. Griffith by letter. Address him care of this newspaper.

Potential Customers.

FOR the life of me I can't understand the attitude of some salesmen. They know that the customer's first "no" is not always final. They have learned to be politely insistent with their customers. Still, let

somebody say to them, "I don't expect to buy to-day, but I would like to have you show me so-and-so," and at once their enthusiasm descends into the sub-cellar of indifference. That "don't expect to buy to-day"

seems to take all the pep out of them. With no prospect of an immediate sale, they seem to lose pretty much all interest.

Salesmen will take great pains to get a prospective customer interested in their goods, yet when some one comes along and admits frankly that he or she is already interested but does not expect to buy at the moment, the salesman may yawn lazily and remark, "Zatso? Well, come around when you're ready to buy and I'll be glad to take care of you."

The real fact is when a person says to you, "I don't expect to buy to-day, but I'd like to look at what you have," that person is not telling you the exact truth. What that person really means is this: "I expect to buy something or other in this line. I don't know whether you have exactly what will suit me. If you have, I'll buy. If you haven't I'll be able to back out gracefully, because I never told you I wanted to buy to-day."

If a salesman realizes the value of these possible or potential customers, he will not allow his interest to flag for a single instant. In seven cases out of ten the person who says he is "just looking" will buy something if he is given prompt, willing, intelligent and courteous attention.

In some instances the customer is really in earnest about wanting to "just look." However, it is impossible for you to tell which customer is really in earnest about it. You are no mind reader. But suppose you WERE a mind reader and that you could instantly spot the "lookers." Would that be any reason for you to neglect them? It would not. Even if the sale is not completed to-day, your willing and attentive service will make an impression so that when they ARE ready to buy they will come back to you.

It is a short-sighted policy to spend so much time worrying about the sales of the moment—Of course, I

know a salesman is judged by his actual daily sales record. But, even so, it is good policy to build for the future. If you are loyal to your employer—and it is assumed that you are—you will endeavor to build goodwill for your firm so that customers will come back. To-day's sales and to-day's profits are but a drop in the bucket. Business is an endless chain. The sales you make to-day are of no more importance than the good-will you build to-day, so that customers will come to you again to-morrow.

I remember one time I started a course in physical culture. I confidently expected to be a Hercules or a Samson in about a week. I wasn't. After a while I got discouraged and quit. I didn't realize that it takes months and years for an ordinary man to see any startling results from physical training. The results are there, but you can't see them. Every day brings its own reward and every day is building up for the future.

It's the same way in salesmanship. The salesman is building business, building good will for his firm every time he gives courteous attention to prospective customers, even though they may not buy that day. He does not need to worry about his efforts not being appreciated. His employers know that a certain portion of his time is going to be taken up by "lookers." His firm doesn't expect him to be incessantly making actual sales. And the "looker" of to-day becomes the buyer of to-morrow, so that the salesman's business grows as time goes on.

Sayings of Mrs. Solomon

By Helen Rowland

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An Adonis Conquereth Easily, but a Homely Man Understandeth Women, and Is Not Too Proud to Court!

MY Daughter, hast thou met a homely man who charmeth thee? Then cleave unto him, and seek no further in the Garden of Love. For an Adonis conquereth easily, and a Matinee Idol spellleth "irresistible" with a capital "I"—as in "egot-I-am."

But he with the face of a Cubist's fancy and the figure of a cartoon succeedeth in pleasing only by the aid of much study and the taking of great pains.

Yea, he UNDERSTANDETH women in all their strange complexes and complexions, and he is NOT too proud to court.

Verily, verily, he hath a "winning way!" He doeth the sympathetic and runneth thine errands eagerly.

He studyeth thy taste in flowers and hearkeneth sweetly unto thine opinions on art and books and feminism.

He remembereth thy words, to quote them accurately. The cravat which thou didst admire he weareth always in thy presence, and the suit which thou didst call "becoming" is not cast into the discard.

He forgetteth NOTHING—neither the number of lumps thou takest in thy tea nor thy preference for lemon over cream, nor the hat which thou worst when he first met thee.

He noteth the fine points of thy raiment, and speaketh definitely, praising them, saying:

"Violet is thy color, for it bringeth out the blueness of thine eyes and the shell-like pinkness of thy cheek;"

He consulteth thee tenderly concerning the courses of the dinner and the temperature of the wine, and passeth thee the salt with great solicitude. He shaketh sugar on thy grape-fruit, and the soup which thou despiest he will not offer thee.

He playeth "the devoted" with great skill, yet he forceth not his attentions upon thee at any time.

Behold, how he gazeth at thee, long and hard, when thou art supposed to be unaware! With what tenderness he wrappeth the cloak about thee and windeth thy furs about thy neck! With what gallantry he wrappeth the rugs about thy feet!

Verily, verily, in all his ways he is as one that spreadeth a cloak of chivalry before thee for thee to tread upon.

And in thy secret heart thou knightest him and coverest him with medals.

And, it shall come to pass, that when he hath had much practice, these things all become a "habit" with him, so that when he weddeth he shall treat even his OWN WIFE with courtesy and consideration. Yea, he shall HEarken when she speaketh, and LOOK at her when she sitteth opposite him, and COMPLIMENT her without prompting! And she shall be the envy of all other women!

For verily, verily, it is infinitely better to be the apple of a homely man's eye than the flower in a heart-breaker's button-hole! Selah.



A NEW ROLLING CHAIR.
An inventor has patented a frame to which a rocking chair can be fastened to convert it into a rolling chair.